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A Tribute in Rhyme
to
THEODORE ROOSEVELT

By

William W. Peavyhouse

Price 50c

A TRIBUTE IN RHYME

TO

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Athlete — Cowboy — Hunter — Reformer — Soldier — Author — Statesman — Orator — Diplomat — A Sage With Many University Degrees — Governor — Peace Maker — President of the United States.

Depicting in Graphic and Rhythmical Language a Recital of the Notable Accomplishments and Achievements of the Greatest American of This Generation.

His vision of our Country's needs
Into the future swept,
He formed his visions into deeds
While others dreamed and slept.

Also Other Patriotic Poems and Tributes to Our War Heroes, Written While in the Service of the United States Navy.

BY

WILLIAM W. PEAVYHOUSE,

BANKER,

HAZARD, KENTUCKY.

This Is a Memorial in Verse to a Wonderful Man Who Accomplished Wonderful Feats for the Welfare of the Human Race, and It Will Give a Brief but Comprehensive Insight Into This Marvelous Life for the Busy Reader.

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This Tribute to Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Including Several Other Patriotic Poems and Tributes to Our War Heroes, Is Hereby Dedicated to the Spirit of Pure, Unadulterated, Uncontaminated, Unflinching, Unswerving, and Undying Americanism for Which He Fought and Plead and Died.

SOME IMMORTAL WORDS OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT WHICH EVERY AMERICAN CITIZEN AND SCHOOL BOY SHOULD KNOW AND BE ABLE TO REPEAT FROM MEMORY

Colonel Roosevelt died about 4 o'clock on the morning of January 6th, 1919. The previous evening at a great patriotic rally in the New York Hippodrome a message was read from him written especially for the occasion. In this message was this striking sentence:

"We have room for but one flag—the American flag—and this excludes the red flag, which symbolizes all wars against liberty and civilization, just as much as it excludes any foreign flag of a nation to which we are hostile, and we have room for but one soul loyalty and that is loyalty to the American people."

From One of His Latest Speeches

"The larger Americanism demands that we refuse to be sundered from one another along lines of class or creed or sectional or national origin; that we judge each American on his merits as a man; that we work for the well being of our bodily selves and also for the well being of our spiritual selves; that we consider safety, that we put honor and duty above safety. . . . Only thus shall we stand erect before the world, high of heart, masters of our own souls, fit to be the fathers of a race of freemen who shall make and shall keep this land all that it seemed to the prophetic vision of the mighty men who founded and the mighty men who saved it."

From a speech in Missouri while President:

"We must insist upon courage and resolution, upon hardihood, tenacity, and fertility of resource; we must insist upon the strong, virile virtues, self-restraint, self-mastery, and regard for the rights of others."

From a speech on the "Gospel of Work," while Governor of New York:

"We do not admire the man of timid peace. We admire the man who embodies victorious effort; the man who never wrongs his neighbor; who is prompt to help a friend or even an enemy, but who has those stern qualities necessary to win in the stern strife of actual life."

From an address at Detroit, Mich., May 18th, 1916:

"The working man, like the farmer and business man, must be a patriot first or he is unfit to live in America; and the first duty of all patriots is to see that we are able to prevent alien conquerors from dictating our home policies."

"No nation will ever attack a unified and prepared America."

His Last Message

"In the fight for Americanism there must be no lagging back."

From a speech delivered in Chicago in 1903:

"Speak softly and carry a big stick and you will go far. If the American nation will speak softly and yet build and keep at a pitch of the highest training a thoroughly efficient navy, the Monroe Doctrine will go far."

From a lecture on the "World Movement" at the University of Berlin, May 12th, 1910:

"This world movement of civilization which is now felt throbbing in every corner of the globe, should bind the nations of the world together, while yet leaving unimpaired that love of country in the individual citizen which in the present stage of the world's progress is essential to the world's well being."

Some of his Popular expressions, which he originated and which have gone around the world:

"Speak softly and carry a big stick and you will go far."

"I am for the Square Deal."

"Fear God and take your own part."

"I have no patience with Mollycoddles and Pussyfooters."

"We stand at Armageddon and We Battle for the Lord."

"It is better to be Faithful than Famous."

A message from Colonel Roosevelt, indicative of his Christian spirit and devotion to the word of God, was inserted in the Bibles given in 1917 and 1918 to the American fighting men by the New York Bible Society. This message read as follows:

"The teachings of the New Testament are foreshadowed in Micah's verse: 'What more doth the Lord require of thee than to do justice, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?' "

"Do justice and therefore fight valliantly against the armies of Germany and Turkey, for these nations in this crisis stand for the reign of Moloch and Beelzebub on this earth.

"Love mercy; treat prisoners well; succor the wounded; treat every woman as if she were your own sister; care for the little children, and be tender with the old and helpless."

"Walk humbly; you will do so if you study the life and teachings of the Saviour."

Theodore Roosevelt in his early career was an active worker in Sunday School and was always a devoted Christian.

Some Incidents in His Life Illustrating His Sense of Humor and His Humanity

James Bliss Townsend, who was born in Oyster Bay and had been a friend of Roosevelt from boyhood, told at a dinner after his death that he went to Colonel Roosevelt in 1916 and asked him what he would have done in the Lusitania case.

Colonel Roosevelt, according to Mr. Townsend, said that hindsight was easier to show than foresight, but that if he had been President he would have sent for Ambassador Bernstorff immediately after the advertisements warning passengers not to travel on the Lusitania were printed in the newspapers. He said he would have asked if the advertisements were official and if he had been told they were he would have given the German ambassador two hours to get out and would have forced them to take passage on the Lusitania on what turned out to be her last voyage.

On one occasion several Senators and Representatives were in the waiting room at the President's office anxious to see the President. None of them could get in to see the President, however. Finally a Senator said to Capt. Loeffler: "Go in and see what's holding us up."

Loeffler came back and reported: "The President is giving a reception to the Harvard Baseball team."

"Well," said another Senator, "tell him there are a lot of Senators and Representatives here waiting to see him." Loeffler went back and returned again.

"What did he say?" asked the waiting statesmen. "He said he knew it," but he told me that "Senators and Representatives must be taught their places when a Harvard delegation are about."

The following story is told of Colonel Roosevelt as a young man in the west, by George William Douglas, in his book, "The Many Sided Roosevelt":

One evening after supper he was reading at a table in the public room of a frontier hotel, where he was passing the night. A man half drunk came into the hotel with a swagger, marched up to the bar and, with a flourish of the arm, commanded everybody to drink. Everybody was willing to obey but Roosevelt. He still sat at the table busy with his book.

"Who's that fellow?" the man asked, pointing in Roosevelt's direction.

"Oh, he's a tenderfoot, just arrived," someone said. "Humph!" he grunted. Then he turned square around and called out: "Say, Mr. Four Eyes, I asked this house to drink. Did you hear me?"

Mr. Roosevelt made no reply. The man swaggered over to him, pulling out his pistol and firing as he crossed over to him.

"I want you to understand that when I ask a man to drink with me, that man's got to drink," he threatened fondling his still smoking pistol.

"You must excuse me tonight. I do not care for anything to drink," said Roosevelt.

"That don't go here. You just order your drink or there'll be more trouble."

"Very well, sir, Roosevelt replied, rising slowly to his feet and waiting till he was firmly poised on them before completing his remark. "I do not care for anything, but if I must"——

With the word must he let his fist fly, striking the bully a terrific blow, knocking him on the floor. In an instant Roosevelt was astride of him with his knees holding down the man's arms. After taking away all the weapons he could find he let the man up.

"Now I hope you understand, sir, that I do not care to drink with you," said the young tenderfoot who had hardened his muscle to some purpose before he went West.

His Undaunted Courage

The great courage of Mr. Roosevelt and his lack of fear were shown after he was shot in Milwaukee on October 14th, 1912. When he recovered from his wound he was told that he was foolhardy to make a speech after he had been shot.

"Why," said Roosevelt in reply, "I really didn't think I had been mortally wounded. If I had been mortally wounded I would have bled from the lungs. When I got into the motor I coughed hard three times and put my hand to my mouth; as I did not find any blood I thought I was not seriously hurt and went on with my speech.

On this occasion when his physician urged him to return to the hotel and not to go to the auditorium to speak, the Colonel replied, "I will deliver this speech or die, one or the other."

When he completed this memorable address his shoes were filled with blood that rushed from his gaping chest wound. The Colonel displayed heroic courage of the highest type.

On leaving the White House President Roosevelt declined an offer of $100,000.00 per year salary as president of a large corporation. He did this because he had determined to make no commercial use of his name. He accepted the office of associate editor of the Outlook at a salary of $12,000 per year because he believed it offered him the means to reach the people.

What Distinguished Men Have Said About Colonel Roosevelt

From Major General Leonard Wood, U. S. A.:

We have lost a great leader in the crisis of the Nation's life. Though his voice is silent, his spirit lives and will continue to live to stir us to effort in times of public danger and to stimulate our righteous efforts for good government, fair dealing, and right living at all times. We can ill spare him at this time.

From Colonel Henry Waterson, editor and writer, Louisville, Ky.:

I am deeply and personally grieved by his death, but I am not surprised. He gave himself no rest. His resources were multifarious, his interests many and wide apart. His like will scarcely appear again. No leader ever appealed as he did to the young. A cleaner man never lived. No dirty or doubtful dollar ever touched his palm.

From Senator Johnson of California:

The greatest American of our generation has passed away. He had a truer vision, a higher courage, a wiser statesmanship than any man of our time. To me he had no parallel—none approached him in virility or force or profound knowledge of varied subjects. I cannot speak of him in ordinary terms.

From John Wanamaker, former Postmaster-General:

The piety of Roosevelt's patriotism and citizenship still lives, and Mt. Vernon, Va., Springfield, Ill., and Sagamore Hill, N. Y., henceforth are inseparably linked together to bear witness of something in the lives of three presidents that could not be buried in a tomb.

In the following brief "Tribute in Rhyme" to Theodore Roosevelt the author has endeavored to express in words a sort of Memorial to the name of one of the great heroes of the ages. Being a great admirer of the "Man" Roosevelt in his unflinching fight for pure and unadulterated Americanism, he believes that the following one hundred stanzas in rhyme in a small way express the sentiment of the American people for our hero who has passed from the stage of action.

No monument of stone, or granite or marble could be erected high enough to demonstrate the esteem, the admiration, the affection, the devotion and the love that the American people possess for Colonel Theodore Roosevelt.

The American nation is a nation of hero worshippers and Theodore Roosevelt was a world hero. He was champion of the common people's rights and he fought for them fearlessly and unflinchingly and at the same time sought justice for all. His fighting qualities made him a hero because he always fought for the right against the

wrong. He was the boys' hero because he loved the great outdoor life and nature. He loved the things they loved and romped with them and made their joy his delight. He was a man's hero because of his dauntless courage and sublime leadership, his versatility, and the fact that he was master of most any situation with which he was confronted.

Napoleon was a hero because he excelled as a military genius. Alexander was a hero because he was a great conqueror. Oliver Cromwell was England's hero because of his great statesmanship. His literary genius made Shakespeare a hero. The name of Cicero has come down through the ages because of his eloquence and force of speech and the beauty of his language. Daniel Boone's name ranks among the heroes of our own pioneer days as a great hunter. Moses was Israel's hero because of his masterful leadership and consecration.

Theodore Roosevelt embodied the characteristics represented by all of these heroes and the remarkable thing about him was that he excelled in all of them.

If every American boy would take him as their ideal of manhood and try to imitate him in their lives we would soon have an America where Bolshevism and anarchy would not dare to raise their heads and where high ideals, motives, and purposes would become popular themes.

WILLIAM W. PEAVYHOUSE.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

A Tribute in Rhyme

Depicting in graphic language a brief outline of some of the wonderful accomplishments and achievements of the most remarkable and versatile character of modern times.

By WILLIAM W. PEAVYHOUSE.

His name, when uttered, thrills the world
  And charms its millions through
And flags of nations are unfurled
  In honor of his name so great and true.

Mankind in earth's remotest parts
  Unites in mighty acclamation
And a hundred million throbbing hearts
  Greets his name with profound adoration.

The nation bows in anguish deep
  In the death of a mighty man
The whole wide world is made to weep
  As Roosevelt yields to Heaven's plan.

The country through was awed and shocked
  And silence veiled the earth about
As the hand of death so soon had knocked
  And the light of his life went out.

In prime and vigor of manhood
  He answered the summons sure;
Tho' many a battle his strength withstood
  He yields 'ere his years are mature.

A life of vigor he had wrought;
  He labored to the end;
A man of vision and forethought—
  The common people's friend.

The culmination of his life
  Has pained and grieved our souls,
But, free from all earth's futile strife,
  He's safe in Heaven's folds.

He loved and served his country's laws
  With devotion deep and true.
His heart was wrapped in Freedom's cause,
  His life inspires us thru and thru.

His life was clean and versatile
As he fought against the wrongs;
He won the world with the "Teddy Smile"
As he spoke to the mighty throngs.

On the wild and woolly western plains
He won rough rider fame;
He matched his wits with earth's best brains,
With glory to his name.

He led his troops to victory
On the slopes of San Juan Hill,
And his name went down in history
As a man with an iron will.

His courage and his vision
Were two outstanding traits
And the world sought his decision
In settling nations' fates.

The spirit of true Americanism
He preached and practiced, too;
His great heart burned with patriotism
That thrilled the nation through.

He fought corruption with a might,
In places high and low;
He brought offenders to the light,
And caused their haunts to go.

His eloquence and force of speech
Gripped tight the hearts of men;
His doctrines true he sought to teach
Through the charm of his mighty pen.

He hunted lions in Africa's wilds,
And the bear in the Rockies' Heights,
Exposed the grafters' treacherous wiles
'Neath New York's glittering lights.

A fighting man was fearless Teddy,
And he fought with punch and vim;
For any ordeal he was ever ready,
His vision for service never grew dim.

He faced each issue that he met
With courage bold and true;
The things on which his heart was set
He always carried through.

He sought for all a plain "Square Deal,"
No matter what our state;
His Democracy was pure and real,
And justice true his stern mandate.

He served his country through the years
In a multitude of ways;
His absence melts our hearts to tears,
As we think of the by-gone days.

His great career he began
At the age of twenty-three—
He won his race against the clan
Amidst Old New York's glee.

While serving for our navy valiant,
Just before the war with Spain,
He made a record clean and brilliant
Like his life, without a stain.

'Twas then he heard his country's call
To defend Old Glory's fold—
He volunteered to give his all
Her sacred precepts to uphold.

From rolling plains of the Old North West
He sought his volunteers;
The "Rough Rider" boys brought forth their best
And he led them midst their cheers.

His fortitude and bravery
Withstood the fiery test,
As he led his boys to victory
O'er San Juan's rugged crest.

His native state went wild with joy
For achievements he had wrought;
They hailed him hero, brave cowboy,
For the trophies he had brought.

They hailed him as their leader
To guide their ship of state.
He swept the state for Governor,
And sealed the grafter's fate.

He fought the fiends of Tammany hall
Like he charged the Spaniards' forts;
He forced the gangsters to the wall,
And drove them to the courts.

A great reformer he became
In the days of his early youth;
His rule of life was ever the same—
"Teach Justice, Peace, and Truth."

As champion of the people's rights,
Became a shining star;
He led them in their righteous fights
For justice at the Bar.

So brilliant was his governorship
Of the Good Old Empire State,
That the Good Old Party's ready whip
Made him McKinley's mate.

Two nobler men could not be found
To guard the people's rights—
Their names throughout the earth resound,
Their lives are brilliant beacon lights.

When fiendish assassin's bloody hand
Had slain our noble President,
Our hero's name spread thru the land
As he took the reins of Government.

The same strong courage marked his acts
In the Presidential chair,
That spurred him on to make attacks
On treachery everywhere.

He fought monopoly, greed and trusts
That caused restraint of trade;
He curbed their vicious money lusts,
Their hands of power he stayed.

When politicians by a trick
Attempted bossing him,
He wielded firmly his big stick—
Their chances they found slim.

In power and wisdom Roosevelt grew,
As he solved his problems grave;
He struggled ever to be true,
And the best he had he gave.

A Prince of Peace he came to be,
When the Russo-Jap war raged—
As each of them claimed victory
His counsel they engaged.

He weighed the burdens of each nation
In the spirit of a friend,
Accomplished reconciliation,
And brought the conflict to an end.

As a special recognition
Of this gracious enterprise,
He was the first of any nation
To receive a great Peace Prize.

Gigantic were his many plans
For progress and achievement,
But to impose on other lands
Would cause his heart bereavement.

For decades men had tried the feat
A great canal to make,
To form a quick and safe retreat
Through Panama's bog and lake.

But failure faced each effort made
To make the job complete;
They laid aside their pick and spade,
Admitting their defeat.

So Roosevelt seized the chance he saw
To plant Old Glory there,
And bought a strip from Panama—
The feat he swore to dare.

So now we see the job was done
In good old Yankee style,
And Glory waves in tropical sun,
While ships save many a mile.

So brilliant was his three-year term
In the presidential seat,
That the people cried for Teddy firm,
To make the job complete.

He sought his reelection
To serve for four years more,
And, with mighty acclamation,
They elected Theodore.

He plunged again into the fray,
His duties to perform— ,
He solved big problems day by day,
Amidst the calm and storm.

In order that the world might greet
The land of Freedom's birth,
He sent a mighty battle fleet
A sailing 'round the earth.

He settled many a grave dispute
By simple arbitrations,
Which actions bore amazing fruit
For the welfare of the nations.

In the fall of nineteen hundred seven,
When it seemed that all was well,
There arose like seething leaven
Financial panic's threatening spell.

They said that Teddy was the cause
Of all the consternation
That undermined order's laws
And swept throughout the nation

The panic proved of short duration,
And false was every claim,
For it was vicious speculation
And graft that were to blame.

So Teddy simply turned the lights,
Exposing crime so bold,
And stopped the panic's threatening blight
With millions of pure gold.

His term as President expired
With glory to his name,
A needed rest he much desired,
And he went to hunt big game.

To Africa's jungles then he sailed
To seek a rest of mind;
A hunter bold then he was hailed,
And many specimens did he find.

Many trophies did he bring
From the jungles dark and deep,
Where panther's hideous screeches ring
And serpents crawl and creep.

The world will read in graphic columns
Of his trip to Africa's wilds,
For he wrote in gleaming volumes
Of the animals' tricks and wiles.

When his hunting trip was o'er
And his journey homeward bound,
He sought to sail for Europe's shore,
And there a royal welcome found.

He visits some of Europe's nations,
Their kings upon their throne,
And received such demonstrations
As the world had never known.

When he reached old New York's shore line
The noise broke loose once more
As the city's rich and poor combine
To welcome Theodore.

In the years of his retirement
He's never lost from sight,
But filled his life's requirement
In fighting for the right.

Like the eagle soaring steady,
Ever watching for his prey,
Was the sleepless eye of Teddy
On the evils of the day.

When he saw some unfair dealing,
'Mattered not from whence it came,
There he turned his light, revealing
Acts that made men blush with shame.

The states were soon to feel the strain
Of the oft-indulged event,
The all-absorbing big campaign,
To choose a President.

All went well in the G. O. P.
And the tide seemed calm and steady;
The sentiment deep, as all could see,
Was moving on toward Teddy.

In many states were ballots cast
To test the people's voice;
From every one the news came fast
That Roosevelt was their choice.

The delegates came from every state
And met in the city of Chicago,
Where the gangsters, filled with hate,
Pulled off a huge fiasco.

The politicians and the trusts,
Whom Teddy sought to ban,
Satisfied their selfish lusts
And chose another man.

In true old Yankee, Teddy style,
The loyal and the true
Failed to stand for things so vile
And silently withdrew.

They organized and met once more,
And sought to make no truce;
They chose as leader, Theodore
Of the party called Bull Moose.

They waged a battle big and strong,
That made the tyrants sneak;
They fought for right against the wrong,
And let the people speak.

Their platform stood for justice true,
For things that were aggressive;
They formed a party sound and new,
And called it's name Progressive.

While waging hard this great campaign
In the City of Milwaukee,
A vicious assassin sought in vain
To end our hero's plea.

His battle cry inspired and led on,
And struck the vital chord:
"We stand at Armageddon
And battle for the Lord."

His fight for righteousness was lost
By treacherous means and tricks,
And the good old party's power it cost,
But it cleaned up politics.

He retired again to private life,
To seek a quiet repose,
But soon the world burst into strife,
And he turned on Freedom's foes.

Again the presidential race was on,
But a different tale was told;
The grafters and the gang were gone;
He returned to his party's fold.

When the Hun assailed Old Glory
And trampled on her fold,
Although his hair was hoary,
He became a warrior bold.

When America in true justice
Against the Hun had turned,
The spirit of real service
Within his great heart burned.

He sought to lead some volunteers
Upon the fields of France;
Because of politicians' fears
He failed to get the chance.

He had four sons so strong and true,
All filled with a father's will;
They volunteered for service, too,
Their blood for the cause to spill.

The father fought with voice and pen,
For he loved Old Glory's fold;
The four sons fought and bled like men,
As one of the stars turned into gold.

But the brightest star in the firmament
Has turned to brilliant gold,
And all the world will long lament
As the end of his life is told.

He said to Jim: "Turn Out the Lights;
I'm in for a bit of sleep";
He awoke in a land where comes no night,
Eternity's vigils to keep.

His pen has ceased its warning line,
And his voice is silent, too,
But his life serene will onward shine,
Like a star in the Heaven's blue.

Scorned by many and criticized
Was our modern Joshua,
But Christ was scorned and ostracised
By the rabble of His day.

Courageous, bold and chivalrous
As statesman, peer of all,
His name with power synonymous
He bravely yields to Heaven's call.

Learned, and wise, a brilliant sage,
Athlete, cowboy, warrior bold,
Orator, statesman, ablest of the age,
Writer, diplomat with power untold.

A man of God he chose to be;
In early strength and youth
He made God's mandate his decree,
And taught his precious truth.

When on his hunting trip he went
To Africa's jungles deep,
He took God's word and Testament;
It's truths he sought to keep.

His vision of our Country's needs
Into the future swept,
He formed his visions into deeds
As others dreamed and slept.

His two initials were T. R.,
Which shed bright beams of light,
And, like the shepherd's guiding star,
They stand for Truth and Right.

A life of service he has led
For all of earth's oppressed,
And now they mourn our hero dead,
For millions he has blessed.

Has his life on this earth ended?
Will his power for blessings cease?
No; his spirit with ours blended
Will his power for good increase.

His name will link with Washington
And Lincoln, brave and true,
As men who lived to serve, and won
The hearts of millions to their view.

He blessed the world in many ways;
His vision reached afar;
Like the sun sends forth its rays,
His life's a blazing star.

Like the rippling circles flowing
From a stone cast on the sea,
Will his life's work keep on growing
Through the years that are to be.

A standard and an inspiration
For all men, both young and old,
Was his sublime ministration
Of a life of power untold.

High in the hall of matchless fame
Where the names of heroes blaze,
We'll write his wondrous, glorious name,
As the world joins in his praise.

AMERICA

What the Word America Stands For

A stands for America,
Glorious, great, and grand;
M is for her valiant Men
With courage, grit and sand;
E stands for the Eagle mighty,
Bearing power beneath her fold;
R is for her righteous spirit,
Which she's striving to uphold;
I stands for her independence,
Which was won by heroes brave;
C is for our Country blessed,
Where sweet freedom's emblems wave;
A stands for her mighty Army
But justice only does she crave.

A stands for America,
The Land of Freedom's birth;
M is for Mercy;
She's shown a sin cursed earth;
E stands for New Eden,
A modern Paradise;
R is for Religion,
The Spirit of sacrifice;
I stands for her Industry;
She toils from morn till night;
C is for her Conscience tender,
Ever striving for the right;
A stands for her grand Achievements,
For her Motto's "Right Makes Might."

Now we'll put these lines together,
For they spell a precious word,
And we'll sing AMERICA* forever,
As our hearts with love are stirred.

AMERICA*—SWEET LAND O' MINE

You may travel this wide world o'er
And sail its seas from shore to shore;
You may search from pole to pole
For a place to rest your soul,
But you'll never find a land
That is quite one-half so grand
As my own beloved Land,
America!

It's the land of milk and honey,
Where all life is bright and sunny,
And your heart will rest content
On her soil to pitch your tent;
Sure there's joy and bliss Divine
In this blessed land o' mine,
And I know I'm always thine,
America!

All the lands by slavery bound
Have in her true friendship found,
For them a welcome here abides
By our glowing, warm firesides,
Where there's peace and harmony,
Mercy and smiles and charity,
Glory and honor and Liberty,
America!

She's the land of Freedom's birth,
Which has spread throughout the earth,
Bearing joy and happiness
To the nations in distress.
Watch earth's tyrant monarchs tremble
When her mighty hosts assemble,
In number the sands of the sea resemble
America.

She's a land in beauty dressed
From North to South, from East to West,
From her verdant hills and plains
Floats sweet Freedom's tender strains;
Her lakes and rivers are renowned,
Her splendid cities glory crowned,
Her beauties rare in Heaven are found,
America.

America——————America,
Long may thy glory shine,
O Land o' mine, sweet Land o' mine;
Thy spirit is Divine,

Ever on the side of Right,
For its precepts she will fight;
O Land o' mine, sweet land o' mine,
I long forever to be thine.

OUR HEROES DEAD IN FRANCE

A Tribute

A hundred thousand heroes lie
Beneath the sod in France,
America's contribution
To stop the Hun advance,
While millions more were waiting
A chance to give their all
For the cause of Human Freedom
And a tyrant Monarch's fall.

They went from home and fireside
In the midst of strength and youth;
They spilt their precious life blood
For Justice, Peace, and Truth,
When the Hun assailed Old Glory,
And trampled on her fold,
A nation rose in mighty power,
Her precepts to uphold.

They left their loved ones, bravely
To battle for the right,
As duty called them onward
To death they pledged to fight;
They saw poor Belgium ravaged
By vicious, fiendish hordes,
And laid aside their plowshares
To buckle on their swords.

They left their own beloved land
To sail for foreign shores
To help their brothers in distress
And open Freedom's doors;
The cries and groans of women
Outraged, ravaged, by the Hun
Aroused our righteous anger,
Their duty they have done.

The cries of helpless children
Murdered by the beast
Touched our hearts of mercy
And, thank God, they have ceased.
In the spirit that our Savior
Died on Calvary's Tree,
Our own beloved Heroes
Have died in Picardy.

A nation mourns their absence
And loved ones' hearts are grieved,
But there's blessed consolation—
Earth's freedom was achieved;
The glories of our heroes dead
Will through the ages shine;
Our hearts will sing their praises
As we worship at their shrine.

WOODROW WILSON

America's mighty man of the hour—
And no one dares to doubt his power—
He holds the nations in his hands
And makes them yield to his demands.

As champion of a world wide peace,
To make all wars and strife to cease,
He broke a nation's precedent
And left its shores while President.

He sailed the ocean's broad expanse
To help to write the terms in France;
He sought a peace that would endure
And make mankind from wars secure.

He organized a league of nations
To protect the world's relations,
And to act as Arbitrator,
World Court, Friend, and Mediator.

The smaller nations he'd protect,
And make the mighty ones respect
Their liberties and sacred rights,
And keep them safe from broils and fights.

He sought to right the German wrongs,
And place the blame where it belongs—
To make the Hunnish hordes repent
For blood and lives the world has spent.

He sought the freedom of the seas,
That ships might sail wher'er they please
In quest of commerce, venture, trade,
Free from rules that greed has made.

To crush the military power
And spirit that has killed the flower
Of civilization's tender youth
And taught deception for the truth.

This mighty man was one of four,
Who bravely took the job and bore
The mighty task upon them placed
To readjust a world debased.

Mistakes he made, for he's a man,
But all the world will praise his plan
To bring about a world-wide peace
And make all wars and strife to cease.

GENERAL JOHN J. PERSHING

A Tribute

In America's hall of matchless fame
We'll write another illustrious name,
And with gratitude a tribute bring
To our hero brave, John J. Pershing,
From the gray Atlantic to calm Pacific,
With loud acclaim and praise prolific
America thrilled with joy and pride
Hails our warrior from victory's tide.

A billion tongues will sing his praise
As flags of freedom the nations raise;
His armies spelled doom to tyrant dictators;
His name ranks high among world emancipators;
When the savage Villa went on rampage
And on the innocent committed outrage
General Pershing was the man who went
And in true Yankee style closed the event.

When the Hun on murder's mission went,
Viciously ravaging the innocent,
A call came ringing o'er the sea
To the land of the brave and home of the free,
So America rose in might and power

And chose as leader the man of the hour,
Our General Pershing, a warrior bold,
To defend Old Glory's sacred fold.

Ten million Yanks were on their toes
To help defeat our freedom's foes,
And over the ocean's broad expanse
They sailed to drive the Hun from France;
They turned the tide for victory,
And saved the world for Democracy,
So Liberty Bell rings Pershing's name
As we write it high in the Hall of Fame.

"LAFAYETTE, WE ARE HERE"

The Immortal Words of General Pershing as he Stood Before the Tomb of Lafayette in France

On the sacred soil of Heroic France
Silent, motionless, as if in a trance,
A mighty warrior in reverence grave
Stood by the tomb of a hero brave.

Intense was the silence, all was serene;
His thoughts turned backward as he looked on the scene.
In deep meditation, no word was spoken,
Till stirred by devotion the silence was broken.

In words that were simple, but deep and clear,
From the lips of Pershing, "Lafayette, we are here;
We have come with our millions to redeem your land
From the blight and scourge of Autocracy's hand."

"As a champion of Freedom you came to our aid;
Now we'll fight for your flag; till the debt is paid
We will fight to the death, for Democracy's cause,
And substitute freedom for Autocracy's laws.

"We are here, Lafayette," Pershing said with a smile,
"And our spirits have met to commune for a while,
As our armies advance to the mighty conflict
May the spirit of France write the victor's verdict."

MARSHAL FERDINAND FOCH

Upon fair history's pages,
Like the stars of a summer night,
The names of a thousand warriors
Shine out with radiant light;

There are stars that shine for Freedom,
And stars that shine for the Boch,
But the brilliant star of the ages
Is Marshal Ferdinand Foch.

In the galaxy of the ages
There are many gleaming stars
Who conquered all the known world
And yearned for planet Mars,
But the spirit of their conquest
Was not in the heart of Foch
As he led his mighty armies
To victory o'er the Boch.

Back from the Marne he drove the Hun,
Back to the Rhine pell mell they run;
Back through the plains of Luxemburg
Fled Ludendorf and Hindenberg;
Hail, all hail to the mighty Foch;
This is the way he licked the Boch;
Turning the tide for victory,
He saved the world for Democracy.

THE SPIRIT OF NINETEEN HUNDRED EIGHTEEN

Of Those Who Didn't Get to Fight

From every training station
Throughout this mighty nation
There came the signal strain
From those who went to train:
Give us a chance
Over in France
In the sweeping Yank advance
To help to win this war.

From every hill and valley
There came the mighty rally
From the boys they left behind:
Uncle, won't you be so kind?
Give us a chance
Over in France
In the sweeping Yank advance
To help to win this war

From the boys just in their 'teens,
Who had scarcely donned long jeans,
Came the mighty war whoop shout
Of the watchful big Boy Scout:

Give us a chance
Over in France
In the sweeping Yank advance
To help to win this war.

From Atlantic to Pacific,
In war tones that sound prolific,
From the veterans, eighteen sixty,
In the spirit of Old Dixie:
Give us a chance
Over in France
In the sweeping Yank advance
To help to win this war.

THE Y. M. C. A. IN THE WORLD WAR

The inspiration for this little poem was received by the actual service rendered by the "Y" to the writer while in service of the Navy.

All glory and praise
To the Y. M. C. A.
Through the mist and the gloom
She sends a bright ray;
When we're sad and lonely
And all seems awry
The smiling "Y" man
Is our old stand-by.

When we're sick and our brow
With fever it hot
And we toss on our bed
And worry a lot,
We hear the kind voice
Of our old "Y" friend
As he comes to our side,
His assistance to lend.

When our ills are abated
And we feel convalescent,
And we think of our mother,
And know she's not present,
The "Y" man comes smiling,
With good books and eats,
And our hearts are made cheery
As our sadness retreats.

When we're happy and bright,
And feeling just fine,
And we think of our sweetheart,

Whom we know is divine,
We start for the "Y,"
Where there's welcome for men,
To pour out our hearts
Through the point of our pen.

When tired and weary
And need a good rest,
We turn, with gladness,
To that haven so blest;
There we find consolation,
And a welcoming smile,
As we enter its gates,
There to tarry a while.

At the close of the day,
When we've finished our duties
And the stars in the skies
Are revealing their beauties,
We turn to the "Y,"
Where there's lots of inducement,
For they furnish us books
And the best of amusement.

So the money that's spent
For the Y. M. C. A.
Will help through some soul
To send a bright ray,
And the glory of the "Y"
Will never grow dim
As we sanction its merits
By giving with a vim.

HIS MOTHER OF THE CRIMSON CROSS

A Tribute to the Red Cross Mother

A wounded, bleeding, Yankee lay
Somewhere on the fields of France,
Helpless, alone, forgotten a while
In the wake of the Yank advance;
His heart turned home to mother dear,
Far over the foaming sea,
But HIS MOTHER OF THE CRIMSON CROSS was near,
His comfort and cheer to be.

When the storm and roar of battle calmed
And the smoke had cleared away,
The stretcher bearers came in haste

To where the hero lay;
They bore him quickly to the rear,
For his death meant America's loss,
And they left him safe in the arms of love—
HIS MOTHER OF THE CRIMSON CROSS.

She gently nursed and cared for him,
In the spirit of true delight,
Till healed in body, mind, and soul,
And ready again to fight;
Though deprived of his own dear mother's care,
And keenly felt her loss,
He's serenely happy in a mother's love—
HIS MOTHER OF THE CRIMSON CROSS.

All hail to HIS MOTHER OF THE CRIMSON CROSS,
An angel of Mercy in a land of dross,
Braving the tempest of shot and shell,
She gives her all that he may get well;
From North to South, from East to West,
She's ever serving and giving her best;
To her may the banners be unfurled—
She's the greatest Mother in all the world.

THE TOUCH OF A MOTHER'S HAND

A Tribute to Mother

Of all the joys that we call rare,
  That lift our souls to realm Divine,
There is no bliss that can compare
  With the touch of a Mother's hand "On Mine."

In the golden hours of childhood bliss,
  When our whims and cries annoyed her much,
She soothed our woes with many a kiss,
  And lulled us to sleep with her gentle touch.

In the years of youth and frivolity,
  When the mind is gay and strong,
Her gentle touch and sympathy
  Guides us from paths of wrong.

Then in the years of maturity,
  Endowed with manly powers,
We are led to thoughts of purity
  By the touch of her hand on ours.

When friends prove false and turn away,
And we feel at our journey's end,
As the world proves cruel, cold, and gray,
There's mother, her helping hand to lend.

Her gentle touch, in memory sweet,
Will follow us through to the end,
And our joy and bliss will be complete
As we dream of our truest friend.

Ah, the sacred touch of a mother's hand;
'Tis precious, tender, glorious, grand;
How it thrills us through and through,
When we're feeling sad and blue.

So remember well, and bear in mind
That a friend like her we'll never find;
And as you tread this wide world through,
Strive to her precepts to be true.

PEACE

In the depths of the woodland forest,
At the twilight's fading glow,
When the night birds sweetly echo
Their anthems soft and low,
And the solemn note of the nightingale
Resounds through the silence deep,
There's a Peace that's sweet and tranquil,
Where nature's beauties sleep.

In the hush and quiet of evening,
When the sun has sunk from view
And the earth is veiled in darkness
And the toils of the day are through,
When man, relaxed in slumber,
Feels safe in his repose,
There's a Peace that's sweet and tranquil,
That only honesty knows.

In the home where children prattle
And sing their lullabys,
Where father and mother are happy
In wedlock's sacred ties,
Where love rules every action
And the bells of harmony ring,
There's a Peace that's sweet and tranquil,
That only love can bring.

In the heart that's pure and noble
And knows no selfish aims,
Which knows no theme but service
And makes no boastful claims;
In the heart that craves no glory,
But humbly lives for all,
There's a Peace that's sweet and tranquil,
That comes through duty's call.

In a country where its people
Are striving for the right,
Where the stars of human Freedom
Shine out with radiant light,
And the spirit of the Prince of Peace
Finds lodgment in their souls,
There's a Peace that's sweet and tranquil,
Which Mercy's hand unfolds.

In a world where teeming millions
Are looking up to God,
Where nations bow in reverence
And need no chastening rod,
Where Kingdoms crave no conquest
And have no selfish plans,
There's a Peace that's sweet and tranquil,
Which the hand of Truth demands.

JOHN BARLEYCORN
(In Memoriam)

With profound detestation
And unrelenting hate,
We hail with exultation
John Barleycorn's mournful fate.

'Tis a pleasure sweet and glorious
To watch him struggle and die,
As we see his trail so hideous
Where his victims helpless lie.

For years we let him revel
In luxury's graceful lap,
But soon his haunts we'll level,
And his name in oblivion wrap.

In the pits of darkness he was born;
His parents were lust and greed;
He laughed the widows' tears to scorn,
While death was his mortal creed.

He wiggled from the pits of hell,
And left his slimy trail
Of misery, woe and ghastly spell,
And scorned the orphan's wail.

Into the homes of cheer and mirth
He took his curse and blight;
His veil of sorrow filled the earth,
Like the darkness of the night.

He sapped the manhood from the strong;
A wreck their lives became,
The friend of theft, and greed and wrong,
Mankind he would defame.

Young men in vigor, strength and prime
Fell victims to his snares;
His path was strewn with vicious crime,
As he caught men unawares.

Treachery was his weapon strong,
As through the land he swept,
Sowing poverty, grief and wrong,
While helpless mothers wept.

He practiced vile deception
Upon the rich and poor,
Accomplished his reception
By his cunning lure.

He stood upon the city squares
And lured his victims in;
He caught them in his vicious snares
And dragged them down in sin.

Nothing was too low and mean
For him to stoop and do;
Vile and filthy and unclean,
His life was brought to view.

When thoughtful men his deeds beheld,
So vicious, cruel and vile,
Against this monster they rebelled
And fought his cunning wile.

At first he scorned their efforts bold
To drive him from the land,
But soon the fight against him told—
They stayed his vicious hand.

The fight against this monster strong
Increased from year to year,
Till, facing such a mighty throng,
His heart was filled with fear.

They drove him from the village green
And chased him day and night;
His friends were few and far between—
He faced a hopeless plight.

In quick succession did each state
Vote strong for his extinction;
Between his end and fearful fate
They made no real distinction.

So now the victory is won
Against John Barleycorn;
An era peaceful has begun—
A world has been reborn.

KENTUCKY

My Native State

Gracious, glorious, grand Kentucky,
A brilliant star in Glory's blue,
Where the lads are brave and plucky
And the slackers very few.
She's a land of milk and honey,
Where all life is bright and sunny—
Sure there's joy and bliss divine
In that blessed state o' mine:
Serene Kentucky.

You may tread this wide world o'er
And sail its seas from shore to shore;
You may search from pole to pole
For a place to rest your soul,
But you'll never find a land
That is quite one-half so grand
As the state of Blue Grass fame,
And I love its precious name:
Lovely Kentucky.

The friendless outcasts of mankind
Will in her borders friendship find—
For them a welcome here abides
By our glowing, warm firesides,
Where there's peace and harmony,

Mercy and smiles and charity,
In that state of varied soils,
Where no victor claims the spoils:
Hospitable Kentucky.

She's a land in beauty dressed;
With nature's grandeurs she is blessed.
From her verdant hills and plains
Floats sweet music's tender strains.
Her freaks of nature are renowned,
Her splendid cities glory crowned,
Her rivers thru green valleys wind,
Her beauties, rare in Heaven, we find:
Gorgeous Kentucky.

She's a land of varied soils,
Where an honest manhood toils;
Her valleys yield abundant grains,
While cattle graze her Blue Grass plains.
Her mountains, rich in oil and coal,
She's only half way reached her goal—
Sure your heart will be content
On her soil to pitch your tent:
Bounteous Kentucky.

When the Hun assailed Old Glory,
And their hordes had told a story
Of their vicious crimes and deeds,
Smashing civilization's creeds—
From the Hills of Old Kentucky
Marched the lads so brave and plucky,
And over the ocean's broad expanse
They sailed and drove the Hun from France—
Brave Kentucky.

On her noble history's pages
The names of many brilliant sages,
Like the stars of a summer's night,
Shine and gleam with radiant light—
There's Daniel Boone, of Pioneer fame,
And Henry Clay, a glorious name,
And scores of others, but one supreme—
Abraham Lincoln, the nation's theme:
Glorious Kentucky.

She may boast of nature's beauties,
How her men perform their duties,
But there's something more serene
Which has glorified the scene—

As we bow in admiration
To her fair sex, adoration
And our banners are unfurled
To the prettiest women in all the world:
Sublime Kentucky.

THE FARMERETTE

Of all the lassies I've seen yet
There's none so fair as the farmerette.
She's just the girl I like to see—
Her face is tan as tan can be,
Her muscles are so firm and strong,
Her raven locks are dangling long,
Her beauty rare is plain to see,
And the Farmerette is the girl for me.

There's the blushing Yeomanette,
And the fighting suffragette,
Who their little bit have done
In the fight against the Hun,
But the girl who tilled the soil
Just to help the Boche to foil,
Was the sunburned Farmerette—
The sweetest lassie I've seen yet.

How I love my Farmerette,
With her dimpled cheek's rosette,
Tilling the soil from day to day,
Raking the meadow sweet with hay;
She braves the weather thru rain and sun
And goes to her work with frolic and fun;
Her beauty rare is plain to see—
And the Farmerette is the girl for me.

SIX MONTHS IN THE NAVY

Personal experiences of the writer during his brief service in the United States Navy at Great Lakes, Ill.

I joined the Navy six months ago
As a Landsman, Electrician, Radio.
I deemed myself extremely lucky
When I sailed from the city, Louisville, Ky.

I sailed all night in a pullman car
In a direct line for the old North Star
And the following day our company awakes
At the beautiful port and "ship" Great Lakes

We boarded the good old ship Great Lakes
And trusted to luck to make no mistakes
At first the voyage was calm and still
But a tempest arose and tossed us at will

The first little tempest came in detention
When the Company commander yelled, attention!
The next wave that hit us was right in the neck
When at five A. M. they yelled "Hit the Deck"

When all "On Board" lined up for chow
It looked quite strange but I'm used to it now
It was served in regular caffeteria style
But we had to wash dishes which made us feel vile

The Sea became choppy the further we got
As we went the next day to get our first shot
They stuck a sharp needle right into our arm
That made us wish we were back on the farm

Some of them fainted, but others were brave,
While some of the weaker ones started to rave.
Three shots in succession caused consternation
As our fevers rose high from inoculation.

But the company commander gave orders to hike it,
For the good of the ship you'll learn to like it.
Thus fresh from our homes and fond adoration
We found in such orders, sweet consolation.

I spent three weeks in strictest detention
Where working and eating held our attention.
We cleaned up the barracks, mopped up the floor
And scrubbed on our clothes till our fingers were sore.

Before I dressed up in Uncle Sam's blue
I'd often been used to a plain working crew,
But never in my life did I laugh so hearty
As when we fell in for a swell "Working Party."

They said join the Navy and learn a good trade.
They gave us a shovel, a pick and a spade,
And ordered us sternly to, "Come, shake it up,"
So we followed our orders and drank the bitter cup.

We dug deep trenches and levelled off hills
And worked on the Sabbath versus our wills.
If, alas, we found that our hammocks were dirty
We hit the gray deck to wash at three-thirty.

When we finished detention and started to leave
We had been such angels it made our chief grieve,
But the boys set out in varied directions
To receive their specified list of instructions.

So on to the Radio camp I went
To learn how wireless messages are sent.
My aspirations for Harvard were high
But I didn't like Radio and let it go by.

They said, join the Navy and see the world
And follow Old Glory wherever unfurled.
They put us to work with the carpenter gang
And made us haul freight as we whistled and sang.

They said, join the Navy and help lick the Hun.
We didn't get a chance till the war was all won.
I never did think that a fighter I'd make
But I longed for a chance at the Kaiser to take.

I had aspirations to go to the Pier.
An officers' school to Chicago was near,
So I screwed up courage and made application
And in regular style passed examination.

I saw myself in handsome design
A few months hence a strutting Ensign,
Then for several long weeks I only "stood by"
Awaiting orders for a commission to try.

During the weeks of watchful waiting
My vaulted ambitions were slowly abating.
I applied one day for medical attention—
Was told that I needed a slight operation.

So off to the hospital hurriedly I went
And four short weeks in that "haven" I spent.
One time in my life I hated to get well
For the nurses were pretty, GEE! they were swell!

My operation was a total success
And back to my duties I hurried—I guess
Three days I was out in the gracious sunlight
And was struck by the Flu in its death dealing flight

For two weeks more I was doctored and nursed
As they fed me on pills and watered my thirst.
So, recovered again, I went on my way
Waiting—from dawn to the close of the day.

Before very long another ambition
Thrilled my heart and cheered my condition.
As a chance was offered to all who got by
To be a Paymaster in the Navy Up High.

And again I ventured and passed examination
For the Paymasters' school that gives a commission.
Now two chances I have to be an ensign
But the war is over and I think I'll resign.

With the Navy I have no reason for quarrel
But I wish to impress this bit of a moral:
The Navy is full of excellent chances
For men who are capable of making advances.

So if you decide to enter the Navy
Don't be afraid to eat beans and gravy,
But enlist in the branch you like best of all
And stick to that branch till the last roll call.

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